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EDITORIALS

To Mr. Hennessy

WE, the student body of Pittsfield High School, extend our sincere congratulations to you, Mr. Hennessy, on your new and difficult assignment as acting principal.

Many of us have experienced last minute notices for preparation of arduous tasks, but none is comparable to the onerous duty bestowed upon you—the responsibility of acting principal.

In the future we shall do our best to co-operate and to make this year a most pleasant one for you. We extend our heartiest welcome upon your promotion, and wish you the best of luck for the coming year.

Do We Need Traffic Lights at P.H.S?

THE traffic problem in our school seems to us to be worse than ever. The newcomers soon found out why we all eat wheaties for breakfast. Trying to get to one's locker in the morning is like trying to break through a barricade of the National Guard. When classes are passing, one is lucky if he doesn't get "creamed" coming through the swinging doors or trampled underfoot in the crowded halls and congested stairways. And woe to the unlucky person who drops his books in the middle of the hallway!

One suggestion for improving conditions is a very simple one that has worked well in previous years—let everyone keep to the right. This would avoid "miny, miny" head-on collisions.

Another possible solution: could the doors be hooked back for the short period while the classes are passing?

Of course, the best answer to this problem is common courtesy.

What's New in Who's Who

HUNDREDS of Pittsfield High School students are worthy of being chosen as "Who's Who" of the school year; yet only thirty fortunate ones may actually appear in the photo section of our magazine. This problem had bothered the staff considerably until we hit upon an idea which we think will go a great way toward alleviating the situation and meeting your approval.

Beginning in the next issue, along with the regular "Who's Who," a new picture section will feature prominent students who may be grouped under a certain classification. In this way boys and girls who are active in P.H.S. activities yet do not make the Varsity teams or become class officers or chairmen of committees will have the opportunity of being included in the "Who's Who."

The student body will have a chance to learn new faces and also to call by name many classmates whom they have seen around but to whom they have never had the privilege of being introduced.

Lee Is Dead; Long Live Grant!

By Betty Andrews, '56

"OH, the Southerners are all right. After all, they are our countrymen. The only thing I have against the Southerners is the fact that they have never forgotten the Civil War!"

So runs a well-known comment concerning the people of the South. The Rebels are notorious for their feelings toward the Yankees. The Southerners have never forgotten the Civil War, and the Yankees have never forgotten the fact that the Southerners have not forgotten that nineteenth century incident. Northerners often speak of the North-South conflict in terms of prejudice and with a feeling of disgust. But consider what it would be like if there were no rivalry between the North and the South.

Recently, the Southerners have shown signs of forgetting their hostile feelings. When "Truth or Consequences" sent a Connecticutter, dressed in a Yankee Civil War uniform, to Chattanooga, Tennessee, the Southerners rolled out the red carpet for him. They introduced him to the mayor. They did not try to shoot him. They did not even throw rocks at him. In fact, they donated two million dollars in Confederate currency and one hundred seventy-six dollars in United States currency to the Society for the Preservation of Yankee Culture! A self-respecting Southerner would not have donated a Confederate nickel toward the preservation of the President of the United States!

What is the South coming to? Is the spirit of General Lee dead? Can it be that in less than a hundred years the Southerners have forgotten the Civil War? Horrors! Fellow Northerners, we must take drastic action! The fate of the nation is at stake!

Consider the events which might ensue from the abolition of this rivalry. The Southerners would stop cramming Southern fried chicken down the throats of unsuspecting Yankee tourists. Since all sectional barriers would be down, there would be no more hominy grits, sugar-cured ham, black-eyed peas, corn pone, hot Southern corn bread, or any of the dishes for which the South has been famous. There would be no Blue-Gray or North-South foot-

ball games. If the Rebels decided to conform strictly to Northern ideas, they might bring in various kinds of industry and throw growing cotton overboard. Just imagine what it would be like to stick Orlon fibers in your ears or to wear clothes made of nothing but wool and these newfangled materials such as Orlon and Dacron. What would this poor old world do without Dixieland jazz to flip its stratosphere? One day, we might wake up and find ourselves living on a square world!

The worst thing, however, would be the ruination of the Southern people. Southeasterners would intermingle with Yankees and lose their customs and accents. Texans might even lose their drawls and cease their bragging. This may seem like a good idea to some people, but I just would not enjoy living in this country with Southerners who loved Northerners and Texans who did not brag interminably about their native Utopia. Everyone would lose his individuality. We Americans would become terrible bores.

I suggest that a delegation be sent to Dixie to investigate the situation. If it did not find a Civil War, it could start one! The Southerners must not be permitted to forget tradition! We must stop them from burying the Stars and Bars and burning their Confederate currency. Let us rally behind the Southerner and strive to put down the Northern battlecry, "Lee is dead; long live Grant!"

OCTOBER

By Linda Place, '57

September and November are but walls
Hemming in the wealth of harvest time.

They are prelude and postlude

To the symphony of the golden month.

The fingers of Midas have brushed the earth

And left it brightly burnished.

Mountains reflect the smile of the sun

With the color of fire.

It is the reign of October, queen of abundance.

The Famous Story of the Three Little Pigs

By Jerry Congress '56

ONCE upon a time a long time ago, there were three little pigs who were brothers. One was named Harry, his brother was named Larry, and his other brother was Sam. This Sam was the smartest of all the three pigs, because he received the best marks in school, and in his English class he could always tell you the meanings of words like *ensorious*, which means that you're always making a big fuss, or something.

Now one day the three little pigs came to their mother and told her that they wanted to go out into the wide world and forge for themselves, or something.

She didn't like this too much, because she realized that this meant that they would be going out into the wide world to forge for themselves, and this was not something you should laugh at, because in the wide world you meet foxes and wolves and everything. But she realized that they must make their own way in the world, as all young hearts must, so she let them go.

When they got where they were going, Harry immediately brought out his ukelele, and Larry unpacked his tuba, and they began playing merrily and dancing all over the landscape, just as jolly as you please.

At that moment Sam staggered up to them, bent almost double under a huge load of bricks.

"What do you think you're doing?" he asked tersely in pig language. "If you don't hurry up and build a strong brick house, the Big Bad Wolf will catch you and eat you for sure!"

But Harry said he was an old "fuddy-duddy," and Larry called him a "party-pooper," because all they wanted to do was to run and play and have fun and everything.

So Harry went down the road to build a house of straw, which, it seems to me, must have been very drafty; and Larry was off to erect a house of sticks, which was all right, I guess.

Sam said no more, but he labored diligently to fashion a firm edifice of brick. For he knew that the time was fast approaching when he would need a

powerful house, indeed, to shelter himself from the gleaming fangs of the Big Bad Wolf!

So he worked. He strained his back carrying bricks from the brick mines to his house. He used all his strength in stirring up big batches of brick glue. Finally, however, his house was finished, and he knew that he was now safe from the lurking menace of the Big Bad Wolf!

In the interim, his two brothers, Harry and Larry, had been merely larking, playing together at such games as "Leap O'er the Hopscotch Line," or "Twiddling 'Round the Mulberry Bush."

Sam was now so worn out and cadaverous from his violent construction efforts, that he had become a chronic invalid and was forced to remain abed most of the day.

A few weeks after he finished his house, Sam was visited by a fowl known only as "Chicken Little," who came to tell him that the sky was falling. Sam took this opportunity to ask a question which was now puzzling him.

"Chicken," said he, "how is it that I haven't seen the Big Bad Wolf around lately?"

"Wolf?" said Chicken Little, "Why, you must be mistook, Sam. Why, they h'ain't *never* been a wolf 'round *here*!"

Moral: If there is any suspicion of wolves in the neighborhood, we must all get together and build a big brick house, or something.

DEVOTION

By Pauline Anne Lisi, '56

To you I will always be a friend,
Now and forever and to the end,
Together we always had such fun,
No matter in rain or 'neath the sun.
It made no difference where we were;
If things were to happen they did occur.
Now we have only a memory,
'Cause a man of God you want to be.
Yet my love and friendship are ever true,
And I'll go through life thinking of you.

Iceberg

By Jon Shepardson '57

THERE was a question in the mind of every crewman aboard the destroyer, Hanley, that night as the ship crept precariously through the surrounding fog—"How long can our luck last?"

The question arose for many reasons. The ship was in the icy North Atlantic where large icebergs were often found, and the sonar for detecting these icebergs was out of order as it had been periodically all week. The proximity of the Hanley to enemy waters also worried the men, and, if the first two reasons weren't enough to cause concern, the Hanley's only helicopter was lost somewhere in the fog. Radio silence was being maintained by the ship and helicopter until the men (in the helicopter) felt they needed help, but nothing had been heard from them since they left. The captain, however, was confident of the ability of the helicopter pilot and was sure that, if he could not find his way back, the pilot would have sense enough to land and wait until the fog lifted.

Instead, the captain turned his attention to the safety of his ship and had remained on the bridge with eyes and ears alert.

A veteran of World War II and Korea, the captain was respected by his men for his keen judgment and quick action. Most of his crew was the same as it had been since he took command of the Hanley just before Pearl Harbor. Some of the older men were gone, but others had re-enlisted and stayed on, and they all worked together like a well-oiled machine.

The story had gotten around that the captain could hear sound reflected from an iceberg or another ship and stayed on the bridge so that he could turn the ship when he heard one. The captain wished, as he stood on the deck, that he had that impossible power. It would save a lot of worrying and headaches.

Meanwhile about five miles from the Hanley, the helicopter's pilot had discovered a flat-topped iceberg as big as an aircraft carrier and had landed in order to conserve his fuel.

The original purpose of the helicopter's flight had been to find icebergs, so that they could be destroyed before they could float south and endanger ships in the main shipping lanes. The pilot

would usually report the iceberg to the ship, but since he knew the Hanley might be endangered by this one before he could find the ship to make his report he decided he had better take upon himself the responsibility of destroying it.

Unknown to the pilot of the helicopter or the captain of the Hanley the ship was sailing right for the iceberg. By the time charges of dynamite had been laid in the cracks in the ice and the helicopter had taken off, the Hanley was only two miles away and continuing on a course that would lead it to eventual destruction.

Through the moist air the faint sounds of the helicopter's engine reached the captain's ears and brought him quickly to the alert. He ordered the men to be ready to take the helicopter aboard.

When the sound continued for some time without getting closer the captain became puzzled. He thought he recognized the peculiar cough of their helicopter but maybe he was mistaken. Could it be some other plane? Perhaps the enemy? And why was it remaining stationary?

Through the ominous stillness a small crack and then a splash echoed as a piece of ice broke from the iceberg and fell into the sea. What was that? Then suddenly it dawned on him why the helicopter was hovering out there in the darkness. Even before the black mountainous shadow rose out of the gloom the captain was shouting orders. The ship lurched as the rudder was thrown hard to the right. Slowly and just in the nick of time the Hanley began to swing away from the threatening hulk.

The helicopter pilot was surprised an instant later to find the Hanley's lights directly below him, and as he settled to the deck the sound of a great explosion was heard and small bits of ice filled the air.

With the coming of morning the fog lifted and the Hanley was found to be floating in a sea of tiny icebergs, none big enough to do any damage but causing the sea to appear a brilliant white. The captain noted this in his log book along with a complete report on the preceding night. He then glanced casually toward the north and gave the order to get under way.

Who Said Women are the Weaker Sex ! ! !

By Judy Adams, '56

FAINTING among females was quite the fad in the latter portion of the 18th century, and this, in all probability, precipitated the abhorrent nomenclature that has been flaunted before the female *Homo Sapiens* in succeeding generations—the absurd aphorism, "Women are the weaker sex." We shall not be content with these superficial statistics detrimental to the pride of every aggressive young lady, but rather we shall proceed to examine the facts behind the scenes. Our frail female of yesteryear would appear to the eye a sweetly scented vision swaying temptingly in the twilight; gloved hands, puffed sleeves, slender torso, and gracefully flowing gown. Who would believe that this modest miss was enduring great physical torment while performing the social graces? Effectively pinching in her waistline to unbelievable petiteness were carefully concealed steel contrivances tightened mercilessly around her form. Why, I opine even our modern-day Hercules would be incapable of bending with the above contraption strapped around his mid-section! Still the male of yesterday scoffed at the female for having fainted from internal suffocation, and cursed her with the preposterous title of "weaker sex."

The agility of the female of today should not even be classified with that of her counterpart's. To exemplify: What masculinity of the modern era could button his shirt up backwards? If you think I am joshing, my masculine friend, I suggest you put your jacket on backwards and essay to zip it up. And remember . . . it will not be a true test if you peek in a mirror or accept directions from a friend. (I am not to be held responsible for zippers that get stuck during this experiment).

Certainly our male friend is graceful in executing ballet and tap dances, but I have yet to see the male who could precariously balance himself atop six-inch spike heels. Personally, I do not believe he could stumble from the corner of First and Fenn Streets to the nearest sporting goods store, let alone to ascend and descend stairways gracefully, walk sizeable distances, or perform dancing skills, whether it be the execution of a jitterbug, a

rhythmical Vienna Waltz, or a professional dance routine.

Oh, what a weak stronger species the male has proved to be!

You query about woman's physical strength and stamina? Our roughest American sports are ice hockey and water polo, but neither can compare to the annual bargain sale!

By no means let us forget that the "frail" female outlives the male species by approximately seven years. Speak up, oh, my master! You claim the reason to be that the little woman stays at home while the man of the house earns the bread and butter? Statistics show that the modern woman is going out of the house and into the office; not solely because of the boredom which results from her swift completion of the household duties, but also to defray household expenditures. Moreover, most of the jobs at which men so arduously work are desk positions or assembly-line jobs. There is more physical exertion in keeping house and in raising children than the onerous positions the majority of men hold.

Ah, yes; women are undoubtedly the STRONGER sex!

"Let men say what e'er they will
Woman, woman, rules them still."

WHITHER?

By JoAnn McMahon

I am walking.
I have no particular destination.
I walk through the seasons of each year—
Fall in her glory,
With splendid splashes of scarlet and gold;
Winter in its barren and desolate beauty,
And Spring, when the world seems to burst forth
Into new life.
Then Summer's warm days,
Make me lazy and listless.
I shall continue to walk—
To walk through life,
And perhaps one day know my destination,
Or, shall I just walk forever?

They Live in Hell

By Toni Lincks, '56

HOW often do we realize just how lucky we are to live in America? This summer while traveling in Europe we had the good fortune to meet two United States citizens who really can appreciate our free country. They had just returned from a visit behind the Iron Curtain with the husband's family in Czechoslovakia. Their names must be withheld for the sake of their families. The story they told was enough to chill the ardor of any man who seeks to promote Communism in the U.S.A.

Our friends drove their own car throughout their trip. Everywhere they stopped, crowds would gather around it, amazed and gawking. Again and again they pushed the button which sprayed the windshield, and ran their fingers over the upholstery. The news of their coming would precede them and often there would be a band playing and a crowd so thick that they could not get into or out of the car. A man who owned a camera took innumerable snapshots of it from under the hood at every angle. Later he sold them for a high price.

All over the countryside the people were astounded. Here was one of their farmer boys who had left as a peasant and now returned with money and a car. The government went crazy with apprehension that this might enkindle a revolution. He felt it necessary for his family's safety to publish an article in the newspapers stating that the car was not his at all, but belonged to the U.S. government, and was only a propaganda stunt. He did not dare to tell people the truth, that almost every family in the United States has a car.

Spies followed them all over the country and tried to entice the couple into saying things against the regime.

At night families shut the windows, pull down the shades, and converse in whispers, though not politics, since one does not know whom one can trust. Everyone lives in constant fear that a knock will come on the door in the middle of the night. When the man of the house answers he may be arrested for an unknown charge, taken away, and never seen again.

Our friend's family told of a man they knew who owned a cabinet shop which he had started from

scratch and made so successful that he eventually employed eighteen workers. Then the government took over, sent his skilled workers to work in the fields and factories, and made the owner only a general manager. Six months later the government said he was not producing enough so they ousted him entirely and placed a politically-chosen manager in his place. Scarcely half a year later they were forced to close the shop. The business was ruined.

The women and the young girls of high school age work on the highways carrying rocks and wielding heavy tools. Every man must spend his quota of time on the farms. The farmers say that they are more of a hindrance than a help for they know nothing of farming. The farmers have had their farm-trained sons taken away to work in the factories.

The living conditions are terrible. There is practically no soap or towels. The people cannot afford them. Although Czechoslovakia was once known as the "breadbasket of the old Hungarian monarchy," the people are now hungry. A man's suit of poor quality costs from \$35 to \$70, but the man earns only \$1.40 a day. Their clothes are mere patches upon patches. Our friend brought over a few dime store nylons and scarves for his family. They sold them to the government wives for enough to buy a stove.

The government designates how much a man must produce. He must give so much grain, so many eggs. If it is a bad year and the grain does not amount to enough, he must find and buy the needed quota. If there is not enough feed and the hens do not lay, he is fined. All his livestock must be registered, so the government will know when an animal is slaughtered and can take its share of it.

One of the brothers had an infant calf which, since he was working from sunrise to sunset, he had not yet had time to register. One day the inspector discovered it. He took the calf and fined the brother \$1400, or twenty days in jail. It was in the planting season and if he served the sentence there would be no one to sow the grain. It would take almost thirty years of scrimping and saving to even come near that unheard-of sum. A lawyer advised him to appeal the charge in court. As a reply his

fine and jail sentence were doubled. He considered himself lucky when the officials allowed him to serve the forty days at Christmastime instead of paying \$2800.

There is no quota on chickens, cherries, walnuts, or berries. But how can they have more chickens when there is no grain to feed them?

A family should consist of four or five people. If a couple happens to live alone, they must give away half of what they produce. It is usually necessary for the farmer to buy back food he has given the government. One pound of meat costs one and a half day's earnings. The housewife must join the meat line in town at four in the morning and wait until the store opens at eight. When all the meat is gone at about nine, less than half the line has been served.

Hospitals are free but many of the doctors are careless, and medicines are either scarce or nonexistent for the poor. The physicians care for only as many patients as they please and those waiting must sit on the floor amid a litter of old-blood-stained bandages.

Our friends said that every day the papers were filled with news of the strikes and the poor, unemployed Americans. The people feel sorry for us because we are supposed to be starving. They could not believe their ears when the Americans explained that it is our privilege to strike for better working conditions, pay, and hours. Imagine their refusing to work for the government!

The people hate Russia. One evening a paper was tossed in a window and when they opened it they found a note addressed to the American, begging him to smuggle out an enclosed letter addressed to President Eisenhower. The letter told how the people longed for freedom. It suggested that all the United States need do is to drop the ammunition and arms. The Czech people would do the rest. There was a detailed description of where to do it, the weak points, everything that we would need to know. The brothers became so terrified that they hid the letter, although they told our friend that he could do as he thought best. He could not risk his family's lives. He burned it.

Our friends were there only a short while before people began warning them to hurry and leave—that the government was plotting to arrest them. They breathed a sigh of relief when at last they set foot on free soil outside the Iron Curtain.

THE LEAF

By Linda Place, '57

A scarlet leaf . . .
A flame of perfection,
And a gift of God.
It lies in the gutter,
Unheeded.
A leaf which has felt
The blessing of rain,
And the wild, free winds.
The sun has given it
The power to grow
In the pattern
Of beauty and immortality
Planned by the Eternal Creator.

The talons of a rake
Grasp it suddenly, and
Rudely scrape it toward
A dusty mound.
A match flares up—
Flames journey through the heap.
Swiftly it is done, and soon
Nothing is left
But ashes,
Like those of martyrs.

HE

By Pauline Anne Lisi, '56

He works mysteriously from day to day,
And yet so beautifully in his own way.
He can let it rain or calm the sea;
He can give pain or take it from thee.
He might let a flower grow, or die,
But you'll never know the reason why.
Yes, He works mysteriously,
For everyone, for you, and me.

CLOCKS

By Barbara Van Bramer, '56

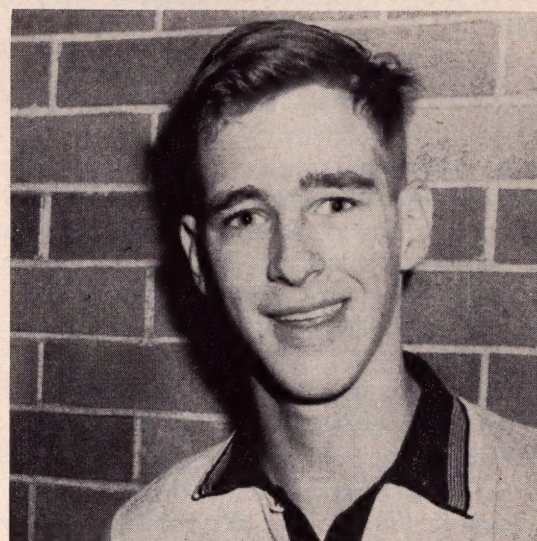
There is one thing I've noticed in this school:
The clocks are all cuckoo, as a rule.
When I'm in class, I really feel
That the doggone bell will never peal.

But when the buzzer finally sounds
And I leave my class for other grounds,
The clocks start to tick at a wicked rate,
And I walk into the next period—late!

WHO'S WHO

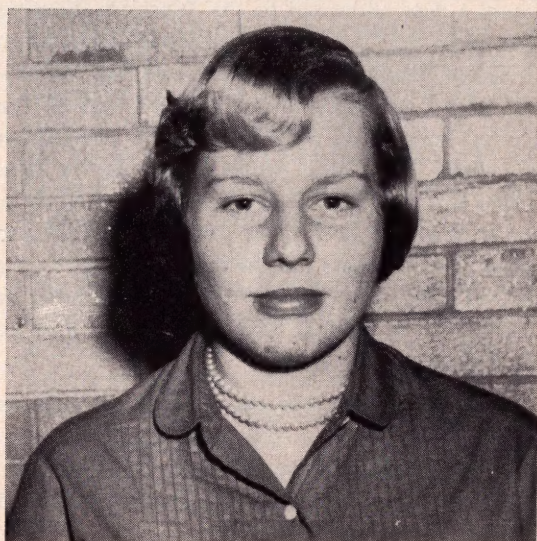
ERIC PRUYNE

Eric, a familiar sight around any P.H.S. function, is a busy senior. His favorite pastimes include swimming, eating, playing records, and collecting money. There isn't any food which can compare with pizza and spaghetti, in his opinion. Eric's favorite subject is typing and favorite expression: TERRIFIC! His future plans include college, probably at Cornell.



DAVID GRANDSHAW

David, a well-known senior of our vocational department, was first introduced to the P.H.S. student body when he ran in the primary elections for president. He enjoys working with automobiles and dislikes people who chew gum. David has high ambitions of becoming a pilot in the United States Navy. We wish him the best of luck!

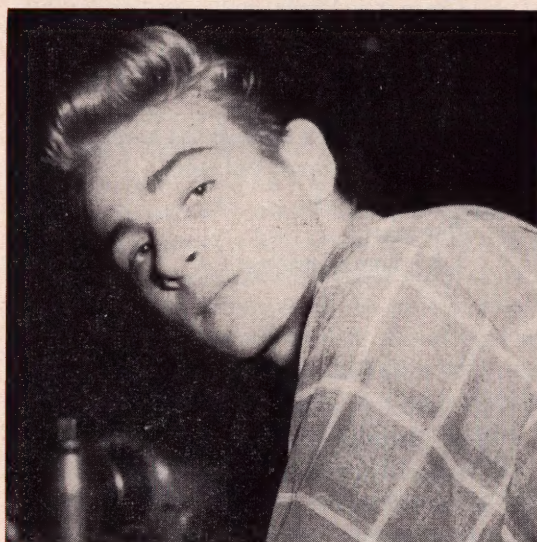


CAROL SYKES

Senior Carol Sykes keeps herself as busy as a beaver after school hours. She belongs to the Phi-Hi-Y and the Rainbow Girls. Being musically inclined, Carol takes voice lessons and belongs to a choir as well as the Choraleers. She plays the piano and the violin and belongs to both the Pittsfield High orchestra and Little Symphony. Her ambition is to be a concert violinist.

Any meal that includes ice cream, spaghetti, or steaks, Carol likes. Carol's favorite sport is horse-back riding.

Let's wish Carol all the luck and success in the world during her last year of high school, her years of college, and in her chosen career.



WHO'S WHO

BILL NOBLE

An industrious senior at Pittsfield High, Bill is Art Editor of our '56 Year Book. He was a member of '55 Boys' Day, and United Students' Fund. He likes all food, his favorite class being lunch. Bill worked during the summer at Pleasant Valley Sanctuary in Lenox. His favorite expression: "Good question."



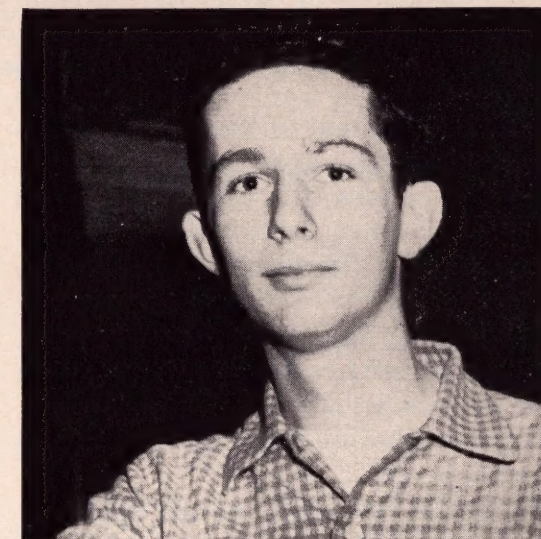
RICHARD RANTI

Richard Ranti, also known as Dick, is a senior taking the drafting course. He says that school in general is okay, but he likes math and drafting best.

Dick enjoys baseball, especially where the Red Sox are concerned. A perfect meal, in his opinion, would consist of Southern fried chicken, French fries, and ice cream.

Dick's opinion of girls can be stated in nine words: "Some are nice, some are average, some are fair." He also says that senior year is much harder than most people think.

In the future Dick will either enter college or the service. We wish him good luck in whatever field he chooses.



PAT WHALEN

Pat is one of the cadets, in choraleers, on the senior class council, and secretary of Gamma Tri-Hi-Y. So she keeps herself very busy.

She enjoys music and during the summer is a program girl at Tanglewood.

Pat intends to go to college next year, probably Wells.



Cement

By Peggy MacCarthy, '56

WE'LL call my friend "Sammy" so as not to get her in any trouble. She and I were the best of friends; we were six. We used to do all sorts of devilish things together—climb trees, shoot apples at each other, kill Japanese beetles and hold funeral services for them, and work experiments. One of our experiments concerned cement. I'll tell it to you.

It all started with a dog-eared bag of cement which Sammy and I stole from her father. Many a time we'd watched him, corncob pipe in mouth, shovel sand, water, and "SEA-MINT," as he called it, into a big dented pan.

So Sammy and I decided to join the "SEA-Mint" Makers Union. Now let's see—three shovels of sand, one shovel of "Sea-Mint," and just enough water to make it interesting. Mix carefully with hands until mixture becomes grayish and lumpy. We looked like charter members of the "Sea-Mint" Makers Union except for the corncob pipe. Our six-year-old minds were in a state of confusion. Where would we get pipes? Oh, well, we'd have to make cigarettes out of paper handkerchiefs and corn silks again.

Soon we were laboriously stirring the gray "glop" with our pudgy fingers, in between puffs on our ragged, violent-smelling pseudo cigars. When our "Sea-Mint" was ready to apply, we suddenly realized that we hadn't thought what we were going to do with it. Somehow our minds connected "Sea-Mint" with brick. Sammy's house was all wood. How about—ah yes, the next door neighbor's steps were brick; the steps had five full quarts of milk on them. What good molding blocks!

An hour later Sammy and I emerged from our onerous task covered with "Sea-Mint," reeking with burned corn, and minus eyelashes (these were singed off).

Let us envelope the following scene in a cloak of charity. I have only to say that the repercussions were heard for blocks and that Sammy and I had trouble sitting down for days.

THE TURNCOAT

By Jean Camerlengo, '58

I'm just an innocent little leaf
That grew upon a graceful tree—
So gently kissed by April rains;
A Summer's sun shone warm on me.

But now that Spring has long since passed,
And Summer has quickly flown by too,
Each passing night longer became
While the grass had a chilly cover of dew.

The Autumn days came far too soon;
On cool still nights Jack Frost came 'round
With brush and paint to tint the leaves
Ere the wind blew them to the ground.

I'm now a beautiful Autumn leaf
Admired while I am on the tree;
But when I tumble to the ground
People groan when they see me!

Guess the Product

By Carole Spearin

THE following are slogans that advertise popular products and the companies that manufacture these products. Can you match the slogan with the product it advertises? (If you do your homework during commercials, please don't expect to guess many of them).

1. The pause that refreshes.
2. Builds strong bodies eight different ways.
3. It's a psychological fact that pleasure helps your disposition.
4. Shine lasts five weeks.
5. Hasn't scratched yet.
6. 99 44/100 % pure—it floats.
7. The most beautiful car for the young at heart.
8. No messy brush, no greasy cream.
9. The beer that made Milwaukee famous.
10. The magazine women believe in.
11. Where did you get it?
12. Clothes make the man; — makes the clothes.

Answers on page 23.

SCHOOL NOTES

MARTHA COX, SUE WILBUR, JANET ALISON, MARILYN MARKS, ROSALIE ALLEN, PAT TURNER, PAT BLAIR, JANE BARLOW, PAT WHALEN, CAROL HOEN, RACHEL HARRIS, JULIE GILLISPIE, DOROTHY FEDORYSHYN, WALTERINA MELUDA, BARBARA MCCARTHY, BARBARA VAN BRAMER, BONNI CLARK, SUSAN TEN BROCK, JUDY ABRAMS, NATALIE COTRELL, PATSY NEWS, SUSAN BRASSARD, ALICE MORROW.

STUDENT BOOSTER COMMITTEE

On September 20th an election was held for representatives to the Student Booster Committee. Two students were elected from each home room. The following are those who were elected:

103—George Sherman, David Ditello; 105—Henry Most, Robert Sargent; 107—Barbara Maxwell, Fred Fuhlbrigge; 110—Patricia Bauker, David Badger; 137—Mary Carola, Richard Brazeau; 142—Wendy Hagyard, Peter Gregory; 143—Judith Herbert, Alan Hunt; 147—Jo Ann McMahon, Barry McMahon; 148—Beth Morril, Richard Morwick; 149—Julie Russo, Anthony Polidoro; 201—Marcella Berry, Jim Asher; 202—Beverly Carlo, Gordon Chader; 203—Mary Ann Ditore, Charles Hamilton; 204—Frances Farrell, John Foulds; 205—Beverly Green, Lawrence Hapgood; 206—Pauline Lisi, John Leahy; 208—Barbara McCarthy, Thomas McGill; 231—Audrey Sellnick, James Scalise; 233—Phyllis Benson, Anthony Adornetto; 235—Maureen Connors, Alfred Boryta; 236—Marie Cozzolino, Richard Di-Nicola; 238—Barbara Fairfield, David Farrell; 240—Irene Johnson, Philip Gregory; 241—Marcia Laycock, Ralph Lake; 242—Joan Menin, Joseph Metallo; 243—Shirley Parent, Frank Murphy; 302—Betty Rash, John Reagan; 303—Paula Shaffer, Robert Smith; 305—Patricia Taglieri, Paul Vecite; 307—Brenda Wilde, Gary Vincent; 332—Pauline Skogsberg, David Sohles; 333—Wilma Spadafora, George Staivers; 335—Carol Varanka, Edward Tierney; 341—La Verne Wiunie, Chester Zaoroski; 344—Ann Weldon, Thomas Walsh; 337—Stephanie Spasyk, William Slonski.

Following this election the Student Booster Committee held another election for the purpose of establishing a Planning Board. The following were elected to this board:

Seniors: Charles Hamilton, John Foulds, Gordon

Chader, Barbara McCarthy, Frances Farrell, and Audrey Sellnick.

Juniors: Al Smith, Al Boryta, Joan Menin, Patricia Taglieri, and Marie Cozzolino.

Sophomores: Anthony Polidoro and Pauline Skogsberg.

RALLIES

The football season was greeted by one of the best rallies ever held at P.H.S. Mr. Hennessy presided, and in addition we had four fine speakers. Alan Clayson and Roger Canzano, co-captains of the team, encouraged us to stay behind the boys, win or lose. Coaches Morris and Gleason assured us of a fine team and expressed their hope that we would keep attendance up at the games.

The cheerleaders and band were so peppy that the boys, too, chimed in on the cheers. Captain Nancy Shea, Marilyn Chapman, Betsy McCormick, Betsy Graves, Marilyn Marks, Jane Pagery, Fran O'Hearn, and Carolyn Hyde were the girls who accomplished that feat. But alas, rain the next day caused the game to be postponed until November.

S.A.S. ASSEMBLY

In the first Student Activities Series of the season, students heard violinist Alfredo Cavaliere in his return performance to the high school.

Mr. Cavaliere is the soloist and concert master of the Kryl Symphony Orchestra and a featured soloist on C.B.S. Among the selections he played were "Spanish Dance," by de Salla; "Londonderry Air"; "Jeanie With the Light Brown Hair"; and the well known "Hot Canary."

Mr. Cavaliere's concert was enjoyed by everyone.

Miss Isabel Power, who retired this past June from Pittsfield High, excelled as an English teacher. Miss Power thoroughly knew her subject and always managed to pass on the value of studying to her pupils. Although known by her students as one who liked to deal in other subjects along with her English lessons, Miss Power always explained the language clearly and left her pupils at the end of the day knowing their work well.

As a homeroom teacher she was the best. Miss Power had an understanding of pupils. She was considerate when it came to talking, but never let things get out of control. Such goodwill and personality won the admiration of all her students. To Miss Power a round of applause from all P.H.S.—a tribute well deserved by her—and best wishes for many happy years to enjoy her leisure time.

SENIOR CLASS NOTES

The Senior Class Primary Elections were held on September 21. The only offices contested in the primaries were president and boy's vice president. Chris Gilson and Al Clayson won for president and Roger Canzano and John Foulds won for vice president.

In the finals held on September 30, the winners were Chris Gilson, president; Roger Canzano, boys' vice president; Fran Farrell, girls' vice president; Betsy McCormick, secretary; and Joe Hendriques, treasurer.

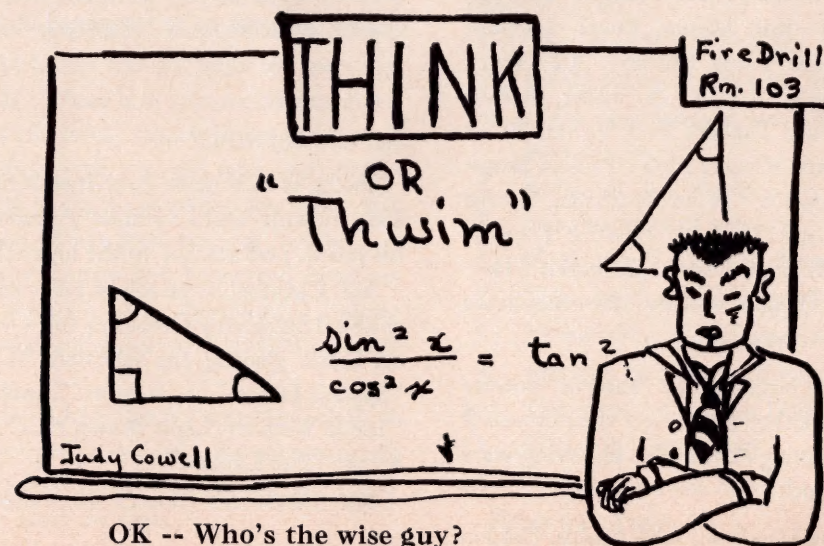
At a meeting of last year's Junior Class Council, Bob Fuller was elected chairman of the float which the class will sponsor in the Halloween Parade.



MR. HOWARD A. KRAAY

Howard G. Kraay is Pittsfield High's newest teacher of related mechanics and auto-motive subjects. He is a native of Monticello, Indiana. After graduating from Royal Center High School, he attended Purdue University. He is married and has two children, both boys.

Mr. Kraay, who was in the Air Force for five and a half years, forty-one months of which was overseas, still likes to fly. He holds a civilian pilot's license and does his present day flying from the Great Barrington Airport. When he is not up in the air he enjoys baseball, football and basketball. Formerly in business for himself, he was later employed by Berkshire Auto.



RADIO CLUB

Senior Frank Van Cleef is head of the Radio Club. Since there is no regular administration, he acts as secretary and president.

Both boys and girls are welcome to join this club. At the present time there are twelve boys and no girls. Frank thinks girls would be of tremendous value to the club.

This club has been in operation for two years. They have had exhibits at Open House. It is an informal meeting and meets at no set time. Its purpose is to teach its members the Morse code and how to use a short wave radio. To get a license there are two tests, for which it takes approximately a month to prepare. One is given here in Pittsfield and the other in Boston.

The club will send messages free. All it needs is the message, name, address, and city of the person to whom the message is to be sent. It works on the same basis as the telegraph, but takes longer.

MOTION PICTURE CLUB

The first meeting of the Motion Picture Club was held in Room 201 on September 30. Gollan Root is president of the group and the other officers will be elected on October 14.

The purpose of the club is to see worthwhile movies and discuss them with special emphasis on acting, directing, color effects and music. "Ulysses" and "To Hell and Back" are the movies for the month of October.

On October 21, the club was privileged to have as a speaker, Mr. Boland, who has been active in dramatics, directing and choreography at several colleges.

CHESS CLUB NEWS

Chess Club officers for this year were elected at the meeting on October 5. They are Neil Goldman, president; Wayne Powell, vice president; Rosalie Allen, secretary. Anyone interested in chess is invited to join the club, which meets on Wednesday afternoons in Room 303.

Hello, Up There!

Mr. Wayne was understandably surprised one recent Sunday afternoon, when on returning home he spied Ralph Lake perched in his apple tree calmly munching on his apples!

HI-Y TRI-HI-Y NOTES

Just as the school year is now in full swing, the action at the Y.M.C.A. is underway. The clubs are all busy inducting new members and planning interesting programs and activities for the coming year.

The officers for this year are as follows:

Alpha—Betsy Graves, president; Rita Simmons, vice president; Betsy McCormick, secretary; Pat Latimer, chaplain; Audrey Sellnick, treasurer; Jane Brennan, warden. As their first money making project, Alpha plans to sell candy apples at the Halloween Parade.

Beta—Phyllis Lombardi, president; Eleanor Aptacy, vice president; Sandra Knox, secretary; Brenda Noble, treasurer; Mary Ann Caritey, chaplain.

Gamma—Audrey McKnight, president; Nancy Henrickson, vice president; Pat Whalen, secretary; Anne Bingham, chaplain; Mary McGovern, warden; Judy Fairfield, treasurer.

Zeta—Sue White, president; Fran Mangiardi, vice president; Joan Evans, secretary; Carol Ricci, treasurer; Jane Pagerey, chaplain; Sandy Gai, warden.

Phi-Hi-Y—Gordy Chader, president; Sue Wilbur, girls' vice president; Larry Hapgood, boys' vice president; Martha Cox, secretary; Gil French, treasurer; Linda Place, chaplain; Ned Hickey, warden.

Hi-Y—John Foulds, president; Thomas McGill, vice president; Dan O'Leary, treasurer; Roger Canzano, secretary; Chris Gilson, chaplain; Jim Asher, warden; Joe Henriques and Thomas McGill, planning committee.

Theta—Stephani Spasyk, president; Geri Somerville, vice president; Mary Ann Zuccaro, secretary; Mary Porter, treasurer; Laurel Boynton, chaplain; Sally Zimmerman, warden.

Sigma—Shiela MacDonald, president; Nancy Hunt, vice president; Shiela Neilson, secretary; Carol Neilson, treasurer; Betsy Swift, chaplain.

Torch—Lee Schilling, president; Curt Douglas, vice president. The other offices will be filled after their induction of members.

Hi-Y Tri-Hi-Y Cabinet—John Foulds, president; Shiela MacDonald, vice president; Sandra Hagen, secretary; Gordon Chader, treasurer; Thomas McGill, chaplain.

MUSICAL NOTES

Wonderful things are going to take place in the music department this year. Already, tryouts have been held during late September for the Choraleers, the Pittsfield High School mixed choral group.

For his sopranos, Mr. Wayne has chosen Marcia Allen, Jane Bennett, Sandra Donna, Barbara Fairfield, Dorothy Fedoryshyn, Sandra Gai, Ellen Gleason, Sharon Kelsey, Johanna Kessler, Florence Kubli, Anne Maguire, Jane Massimiano, Joan Bennett, Madeline Morris, Catherine Naden, Nancy Rogers, Lillian Vittone, and Judy Wilson.

The successful altos are Janet Allison, Peggy Cottrell, Martha Cox, Barbara Dillow, Adelaide Dorfman, Carol Hoehn, Gwendolen Grant, Annette Genovese, Linda Place, Alfreda Pierce, Carol Sykes, Patricia Turner, Barbara Van Bramer, Patricia Whalen, Sue Wilbur, and Brenda Wilde.

The boys, including both the tenors and basses, Kenneth Disco, John Falkowski, Charles Hamilton, Arthur Hebler, Lester Jackson, Max Mattoon, Paul Neff, Miller Powell, Arthur Rubin, Larry Ryall, Lee Schilling, Reed Volin, and Pete Gamwell.

The accompanist for this group is Barbara Broderick, a sophomore.

In addition to these pupils, about eight or ten others are now in the process of joining.

The P.H.S. band has made a brilliant debut this year by playing for this season's first rally and for the P.H.S. football games at Wahconah Park. Keep up the marvelous work, band members!

MOVIE REVIEW

By Sally Cushing, '56

Instead of a preview of one movie this year we are going to attempt to give you an idea of a few movies either playing now or coming very soon at your local theaters.

"The Desperate Hours," starring Humphrey Bogart and Fred Mires, is an action-packed story of a man trying to save and protect his home from the gangsters who have invaded it.

"Trial," starring Glenn Ford and Dorothy Maguire, is a story of a Mexican boy accused of murder. His defense is paid for by the communists for propaganda reasons. Racial prejudices, bigotry, indifference to public affairs, and witch-hunts also play a part in the picture. This is one of the better dramatic offerings of the new season.

BOOK REVIEW

By Marcia Allen, '57

KON-TIKI

By Thor Heyerdahl

Kon-Tiki is the extraordinary saga of an authentic sea voyage hailed by reviewers as the most fantastic nautical adventure since *Moby Dick*.

On April 27, 1947, the *Kon-Tiki*, named after the legendary sun-god, began its voyage from Callao, Peru, across the Pacific in order to explore the theory which Thor Heyerdahl, the author and leader of the adventurous crew, had formed. He believed that the South Americans, not the inhabitants of the Orient, as is generally believed, first settled the South Sea Islands.

The *Kon-Tiki*, faithfully copied from the old vessels of Peru and Ecuador, was built of nine great balsa logs, lashed together with hemp rope. On the raft a small cabin and sail were erected. Not a single spike, nail, or wire rope was used in the whole construction.

In order to prove their theory was feasible, very little in the way of food, cooking aids, and drinking water was carried; so one of their problems was to obtain these necessities from the sea. Marine engineers also predicted that the raft would not stay afloat longer than a fortnight, but so firm was the six man crew in their belief that this journey was accomplished in 500 A.D. by the ancient race of *Kon-Tiki* that the courageous band disregarded the advice of the experts and set sail with radio and broadcasting equipment and medical supplies as their only concession to modern, civilized living.

The narrative is so alive throughout Heyerdahl's record of the adventure that the reader feels he is part of the expedition. He is enthralled with the truly absorbing events from the author's first hope of proving his theory and the building and equipping of the craft, through suspenseful encounters with severe storms, fierce sharks and other perils of the open sea, to the breath-taking struggle for life while the raft, aground on a coral reef within sight of their goal, was being battered by high seas.

The *Christian Century* sums up my reaction to *Kon-Tiki* thus:

"Beware! Fair warning! If you pick up this book in the morning, your day will be ruined. If you open it in the evening, you'll get no sleep that night. *Kon-Tiki* will . . . sweep you onward and away from your normal pursuits as irresistibly as the ocean current."

NEW JUNIORS

1. Nancy Quinlan, who is from Bethlehem Central High School in Delmar, New York, says that she likes both P. H. S. and its students. Nancy's homeroom is 302. She is taking the college preparatory course, and her favorite subject is algebra. Nancy is now sixteen. When she finishes high school she plans to attend college and to become a secretary.

2. Nicholas Morris, the son of our new coach, is from Framingham, Massachusetts. Nick is active in sports, and his favorites are football, basketball, and baseball. His favorite subject is Spanish. He hopes to attend Holy Cross College after high school. Nick's homeroom is 243.

3. Matthew Collins is also interested in sports, especially football, skiing, and track. Matt came to P.H.S. from Berkshire School, and is now in homeroom 233. His favorite subject is math, and he hopes to become a lawyer or an architect.

4. Douglas De Vor is from Coshocton, Ohio. Doug says that P.H.S. has a better program of studies than any other school he has attended. His homeroom is 236. He is a member of Hi-Y, and his interests include many sports and modern jazz. His favorite subjects are algebra and chemistry. He plans to continue his studies at Penn State or Ohio State University, and he would like to become an architect, an engineer, or a personnel manager.

NEW SENIORS

Reed Volin, Home Room 344, was born in Leopoldville, Belgian Congo. He says he has traveled the world from Tokyo to Timbukto—with his dad who is in the Air Force. Reed hasn't been in one place for more than a year. As a freshman, Reed was in Utah, as a sophomore in California, and a junior in Japan.

Reed has some very odd ideas regarding boys and girls, night clubs, taxis, dances, teenage clubs, and high school. But now that he's "Stateside" some of his ideas, according to him, will have to change.

Reed thinks this high school is swell. Better than the last one he was in. But he says that the pep rallies have got to . . . which in so many words means "let's play it cool and give our cheerleaders a chance to earn their sweaters and beanies."

Some of his interests in Pittsfield include chess club, tennis, choraleers, carol-ing, dancing, and skiing this winter.

Carol Hoehn, Home Room 205, came to P.H.S. from Westfield. She likes Pittsfield High and sings in Choraleers and is on the staff of *THE PEN*. Her hobby is horseback riding.

Carol thinks the faculty as a whole is stricter than at Westfield. She very much enjoys our rallies.

SOPHOMORE NEWS

The class of '58 numbers approximately 600 students. Naturally the greatest number came from North and South Junior Highs, with each school contributing about equal proportions. The class is also made up of a few newcomers to the city as well as a small number from schools in surrounding towns.

HOME ROOM REPRESENTATIVES

Room 14—John Sinico, Donald Patterson, Howard Coty; Room 101—Shaun McGuigan, Joseph Magnone, Richard Pansecchi; Room 102—Paul Henchey, Phillip Daoust, Ricco Dus; Room 103—Richard Winterkorn, Eugene Masseli, David Ditello; Room 104—Donald Chiorgno, Eugene Masseli, James Brown; Room 105—Eric Latimer, Gerald Trottier, John Putzu, Room 107—Edith Peck, Dorothy Bard; Room 110—Nancy Albright, Phillip Balmer; Room 137—Barbara Broderick, Thomas Budney; Room 138—Albert Dudley, Barbara Dillon; Room 140—David Frank, Jean Ferrero; Room 142—Arthur Hebler, Julia Gillispie; Room 143—Ruth Henderson, James Hogue; Room 145—Judy Leahy, Bill Kernihan; Room 147—JoAnn McMahon, Thomas McKerr; Room 148—Catherine Nadon, Michael Mole; Room 149—Patsy Ryan, Gerald Powers; Room 201—Jane Brennan, Robert Alberti; Room 202—Jo Chitarra, Peter Conry; Room 203—Sheila Doyle, James Callaghan; Room 204—Frances Farrell, John Foulds; Room 205—Nancy Hunt, Edward Hickey; Room 206—Patricia Lankin, Charles Leclair; Room 208—M. Marks, D. McDonald; Room 212—R. MacCartney, B. Hamel, D. Scholz; Room 231—Brenda Noble, James Scalise; Room 233—Bernard Beaudin, Janet Allison; Room 235—Ted Burzimat, Elaine Cancelli; Room 236—Sandra Donna, Bruce Dellert; Room 238—Dorothy Fedoryshyn, Charles Ferrero; Room 240—Sally Hickey, Thomas Holleran; Room 241—Lucille Lester, Ralph Lake; Room 242—Jane Massimiano, Joseph Metallo; Room 243—Tom

Continued on Page 21

VOCATIONAL NEWS

On September 7, 1955, the Vocational School opened its doors to its largest enrollment in its history. Shops and related classrooms are filled to capacity and, in some cases, even shops and classrooms could be doubled and still there would not be enough room. This year waiting lists have been prepared including the names of many veterans of the U.S. Armed Forces. We would like to congratulate the many sophomores who were so fortunate to gain entrance to one of the finest departments in the city's school system, the Vocational High School. Our only disappointment is the fact that many young men had to be turned down for lack of facilities. We all hope that something will be done this year to solve this particularly distressing problem.

We are proud to say that this year, as in all years, the Vocational School is very well represented on the Pittsfield High football team.

We would like to extend our heartiest congratulations to Dave Grandshaw of Machine Shop for the wonderful showing in the senior class elections which took place in the latter part of September. It has been reliably reported that Dave lost by only a very few votes.

CABINETMAKING

The Cabinetmaking Department of the Vocational High School, under the able direction of Mr. Driscoll, is off to a very good start this year. A gun rack was made by Paul Corriveau, Walt Bloomingdale, and Richard Pansecchi for a shop instructor next door, Mr. Burke of Sheet Metal. Work for open house awards and displays has already begun in this department. In preparing for open house, two bedside stands are being made by Ed Gromatski, Wayne Lipps, and Charlie Garzone. Sophomores, in the persons of Bruce McGuerin, Ned Carter, and Charles Martin, have been making screw driver racks and telephone stands. Wooden bottoms are being placed in new trash barrels by Bob Beals and Joe Magnone, under the watchful and instructful eyes of John Hall. Folding screens, requested by the Household Arts Departments of the new junior highs, were made by Dave Chapman, Francis Moglia, and Dave Calbert. Two cabinets for the high school's tachistoscope will be installed for Miss Hodges in Room 201. The plans for these cabinets were drawn up in the Drafting Department. Con-

struction of these cabinets merits credit to Al Bertelli and Shaun McGuigan. Thirty-two lecture chairs were repaired and refinished by the cabinet-making boys for Pittsfield's school system.

Your Vocational News editors would like to extend our sincere thanks and appreciation to student Shaun McGuigan for his invaluable help in gathering the news from the Cabinetmaking Shop.

AUTO-BODY

The Auto-Body Department is off to another good start this year. John Symanski, Tony Casella, and Robert Carnevale repaired a smashed hood and grill for a person known throughout Pittsfield's school department, Mr. James McNiece. Paul Robarge painted the megaphones for the high school's cheerleaders. Dave Arthur and John Miller installed a new floor and new rocker panels in a car from the public garage. Tony Casella repaired the fenders on Mr. McMahon's automobile.

SHEET METAL

The Sheet Metal Shop has gotten off to a slow start this year. The megaphones for the cheerleaders were made by Bruce Beals and Gordon Gray. The only job of major importance in the shop at the time the news was gathered was the work being done on a new cab for the school mower. No one boy can be singled out for this task as the entire shop worked on it.

PRINTING

The Printing Shop is another shop that is off to a slow start. The only work that might be considered out of the ordinary is the printing of football programs by Pete Frank, Bob Steiner, Chuck Gans, and Leo Marino. Identification cards for Pittsfield High students at the out of town football games were printed by Jim Blache and big Fran Cavanaugh.

MACHINE SHOP

This is one department that has already begun to really roll. One of the biggest jobs in several years is in progress. This is the construction of several fire-place sets including all the screens and various fixtures. They are being built for the Berkshire Hills Girl Scout Conference. The estimated time for this work is two months. The boys who have been chosen for this special work (and who are doing a very commendable job of it) are Dave Grandshaw,

Al Guisti, Edward Szklaz and Leonard Koscielnak. An unlimited amount of credit is due these fellows and their shop instructors. A "dummy release attachment" was made for Coach Morris for use in football practice by Al Guisti and Joe Mole. By the time the next issue of THE PEN comes out, we hope to have more information on the work to be done for open house this year from machine shop.

AUTO-MECHANICS

We are very glad to say that the Auto-Mechanics Shop will have a new lift installed in their department. Most of the work on the installation of the much-needed lift will be done by the students themselves. The presence of this new and long-awaited lift will be truly appreciated. The students and shop instructor have started to assemble a one-cylinder, two cycle engine for demonstration purposes. Night classes in the Auto-Mechanics Shop began October 3. The cars of many of the students and Mr. Montgomery and Mr. Phinney are presently being fixed and repaired. Another example of cooperation and inter-relation of the Vocational Shops was recently demonstrated when the Auto-Mechanics Department acquired their new lathe and spark-plug tester. The Welding Shop constructed a stand for the tester. The Cabinet-Making Shop and Mr. Driscoll made a new table top for the lathe to be mounted

upon. Mr. Burke and the Sheet Metal Shop covered this table top with metal and the Machine Shop people helped set up the new lathe itself.

WELDING

The Welding Shop is another department that has begun to move. Goal posts for the high school football team were constructed by Ray Bushey, Dino Ravizza, Lawrence Buffi, Jim Matthews, and Wesley Sagendorph. Al Almeida has been busy getting his muffler and exhaust ready for the approaching auto-inspection. The related auto classes have had a new chart rack made by Don Whitman and Don Rawson. In preparation for winter, the frame for the cab of the school snow plow has been welded by Earl Tonini. In the near future Alameda School will have a new railing installed around their flower garden, which will be constructed by the Vocational School's Welding Department.

DRAFTING

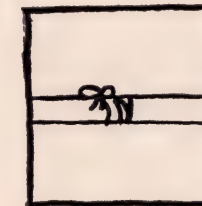
The drafting room up in 102 was the host to six new sophomores this year and one transfer student, giving the class a capacity of some twenty-four students, the largest in many years. The printing of blueprints for Mr. Bresnahan and the Machine Shop has been going on for several days now. The Drafting Department, for the first time in many years, has had a slow start.

DROODLES

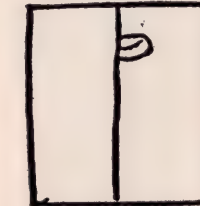
BY CAROLE SPEARIN



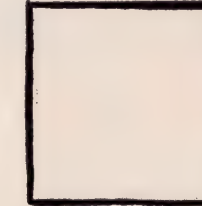
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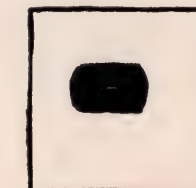
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Answers on page 23

BOYS' SPORTS

FRANK MURPHY, DAVE FARRELL, TONY POLIDORO, DON CLARK, FRANK CAVANAUGH

COACHING STAFF

This year, for the first time in a long while, Pittsfield High School has a new coaching staff. Accustomed as we are to good coaching it would seem to be an extremely hard task to find a mentor to equal the fine men of the past, but, in Coach Nick Morris, it is sure that we have one.

Our new coach, although he comes from Malden, started his career at Boston College High School as a three-sport man. After his high school days, he moved on to Holy Cross where, in 1935, he was halfback and captain of an undefeated team. From there he jumped to the pro-football ranks and Boston's American League team.

With the vast amount of experience amassed during his playing days, Mr. Morris became a successful coach at various high schools in the eastern part of the state. He has coached at Saugus, Beverly, Lynn English, Framingham, and other high schools before coming to Pittsfield.

Since the first practice, the Coach has commented on the extreme eagerness of his team, and the way in which the student body backs them.

Our best wishes to Coach Morris and his 1955 gridiron greats!



COACH MORRIS



COACH GLEASON

As our new assistant coach this year, we have a man who has only recently stepped down from the playing ranks.

Coach Joe Gleason hails from Providence, Rhode Island, where he played his early football at La Salle Academy. After attending Marianapolis Prep School in Thompson, Connecticut, he enrolled at Holy Cross. In 1952, he, like Coach Morris, was elected captain. Since his graduation, Coach Gleason has worked in the Sales Department of the Sun Oil Company. In the last month, he has worked hard and diligently with the team to ready it for the football wars.

With two such men leading Pittsfield High School, we cannot help but win our fair share of games.

FOOTBALL

The P.H.S. football team got off to a flying start when they won their first game from Regional High by a score of 12 to 0.

After the game a number of people were interviewed.

Mr. Driscoll, a vocational teacher, when asked what he thought of the game, said that they did well in their first game. He pointed out that while

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the team got off to a good start for the season, that the next game may show more conclusive results.

Mr. Hennessy indicated that it was a very good game but noticed that the team was quite nervous during the first half. They seemed to have settled down during the second half. Mr. Hennessy also feels that the team will improve as time goes on.

Mr. Bagley felt that the team improved as it went along and that the season will be a good one.

Comments from some of the students were interesting:

Sophomore Jules Russo thought that our team played well and that they showed fine spirit. On the other hand, sophomore Sandy Martinelli thought the team was very mean and didn't think that they should have hit Regional's No. 34 so hard.

Some thought the game went well and others felt that improvement was necessary. All in all the feeling is that P.H.S. should have a successful season.

THE TEAM

The Pittsfield High School football team consists of 47 players. They are B. Beaudlin, S. Meachen, B. Steiner, B. Kahn, J. Seely, G. Major, C. Gilson, P. Gregory, T. Casella, N. Morris, G. Naglesmidt, M. Vallone, B. Tucker, P. Balmer, T. Mulcahy, C. Heye, J. Burns, T. Rock, J. Pires, C. Pansecchi, D. Sohles, C. Ferrero, A. Clayson, R. Canzano, K. Gale, J. Dallmeyer, P. Venti, D. Morwick, D. Stanton, H. Storie, A. Pires, D. O'Leary, C. Mancivalano, M. Collins, L. Buffi, K. Degnan, J. Simonetta, B. Morris, R. Reilly, E. Kinsalle, D. Doherty, G. Decker, L. Lizotte, T. Sottile, P. Shorry, J. Kazaka, and T. Dillard.

Phil Gregory will be out for the rest of the season with an injured back. Nick Morris, Jr. has broken his ankle and will be missed for most of the season. Chris Gilson, Al Clayson, and Joe Simonetta also have been injured, but will see action in the games.

Home Room Representatives

Continued from Page 17

Mulcahy, Sheila Neilson; Room 302—Harry Reinhold, Mary Porter; Room 303—Marianne Sangiovanni, Robert Smith; Room 305—Barbara Thornton, Ray Tuggey; Room 307—Michael Zaveruka, Brenda Wilde; Room 311—Robert Pelletier, Alan Martin, Pauline Skogsberg; Room 332—David Sohles; Room 333—Shirley Thomas, Louis Thomas;

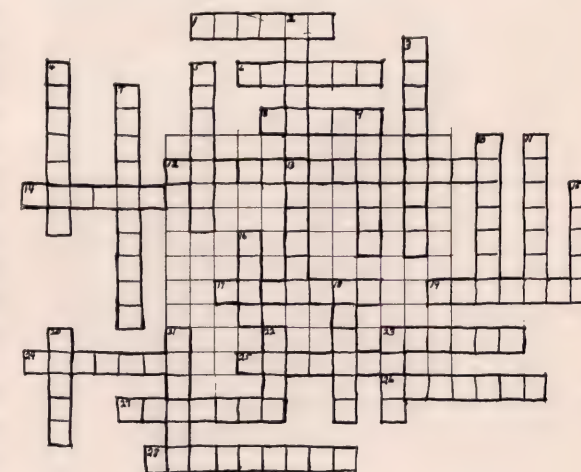
Room 335—Robert Walker, Mary Jane Vickery; Room 337—Rita Simmons, Donald Shabacher; Room 341—Beverly Zahn, Joseph Wood; Room 344—Ann Weldon, Bruce Zwingelstein.

SPORTS PUZZLE

Below is a crossword puzzle containing the names of many of the boys on the Pittsfield High School football team. Because of the limited space it is impossible to include the names of all the players, but as many as possible are included.

This puzzle may be solved by any member of the student body with the exception of the members of the football squad. Entries are to be submitted to Room 242 on or before Wednesday, November 5, 1955. The first correct solution received will be declared the winner. who will receive two tickets to the Pittsfield High-St. Joseph's High football game. The name of the winner and the correct solution will appear in the next issue of THE STUDENT'S PEN.

The clues which follow are according to the respective positions of the players:



- | Across | Down |
|-------------------------------------|--------------------|
| 1. Guard | 2. Quarterback |
| 6. End | 3. End |
| 8. Tackle | 4. Assistant Coach |
| 12. Halfback | 5. Halfback |
| 13. Fullback | 7. Assistant Coach |
| 14. The best coach in Western Mass. | 9. Tackle |
| 17. Halfback | 10. Center |
| 19. Guard | 11. End |
| 23. End | 13. Quarterback |
| 24. Center | 15. Tackle |
| 25. Guard | 16. End |
| 26. Fullback | 18. Tackle |
| 27. Halfback | 20. Guard |
| 28. Guard | 21. Guard |
| | 22. Center |
| | 23. End |

GIRLS' SPORTS

JANE MASSIMIANO, WALTERINA MELUDA, JULIE GILLISPIE, DOROTHY FEEDORYSHYN

If you are looking for plenty of action, the girls' gym is certainly the place to find it. There is a varied number of sports from which to choose, and competition among the girls is keen.

The first sport receiving attention is field hockey. This sport is especially appealing during the nippy weather as the girls race up and down the field, determined to whack the ball between their opponents' goal posts. Occasionally, a bump or bruise might appear, but this does not cause any less enthusiasm for the game. The number of Seniors who turned out for field hockey this year was rather disappointing; but watch out, Juniors and Sophomores! They are still ready to defeat any opponent who dares to match wits and prowess on the playing field. The Juniors are practicing to perfect the skills learned last year and possibly upset the Senior's plans for victory. The Sophomores, too, although they have had less playing experience, are sure to put up a good fight.

Also, at this time, girls from each of the classes are practicing badminton prior to the tournament which will be held next spring.

When the colder weather causes them to scamper for the shelter of the gym, the next indoor sport is volleyball. Since this is one of the less strenuous, a larger group of girls usually participates in it. At times the game really becomes tense as the rival teams watch the ball sailing to and fro over the net and wonder whether it will fall on their side to score against them or will again be hit back.

Following volleyball, one of the favorite sports, basketball, appears on the scene. Although there is only intramural competition, the games prove to be just as thrilling. A round robin tournament is held with girls from each of the classes composing the teams. This gives the novices a chance to learn the tricks of the game from those who have had more experience.

For the girls who enjoy swimming, their activity need not be confined to the summer. Lessons are given during the winter months at the Boys' Club Pool under the able direction of Mrs. Wayne, and those participating are given a chance to show their progress in the meet held at the end of the season.

Team spirit is really shown during the afternoon bowling sessions at the Pastime Bowling Alleys. Formerly, more than one pinboy was made to jump atop his perch by a nervous bowler who threw the ball too soon. This problem has now been amended by the installation of automatic pinball machines.

Let us not forget the ski team. Here is a sport full of thrills and spills for those having no fear of broken bones or high places. Along with spring comes the playing of two tournaments—the table tennis tournament and the tennis tournament. The tennis tournament will be played at the Girls' Club.

Spring also features softball, in which the "slug-gers" will attempt to hit the ball over the fence, while the outfielders are just as determined to catch it.

GYM CLASSES

The sophomore girls begin their gym class by doing conditioning exercises. They then practice rhythm marching. Inside the gym, the girls see demonstrations of speedball, a combination of soccer and basketball. The game is played on the field. The junior girls are playing a more advanced version of speedball, called "Speedaway." This game is a combination of basketball, soccer, and football.

DRILL TEAM

Last year a new organization was added to Pittsfield High School. Since then, much has been said about this sharp-looking group, which is, of course, the Drill Team. It is composed of forty junior and senior girls, who practice three times a week during football season under the direction of Miss MacNaughton. The Drill Team will easily be recognized in its smart purple skirts and weskits and white blazers. It performed at all the home games, and at the St. Joe game the Drill Team collaborated with the band in a special routine. It will also march at North Junior High School and in the Halloween and Armistice Day Parades.

In the near future, Sergeant Malek of the 9243rd Air Reserve Squadron will give the girls some military techniques in marching.

OCTOBER, 1955

23

ATHLETIC AWARDS ASSEMBLY

At the end of the year, an athletic assembly is held in the auditorium. This assembly is for all those who have earned awards during the past year. The highest award in the girls' Physical Education Department, the Ruth Nicholson Blazer, is given at this time to the senior girl who has maintained the best record in the athletic program and the best scholastic average. It certainly is a goal toward which every senior girl participating in sports should aim, for the ownership of this blazer is both a thrill and an honor.

With such a wonderful program planned, each girl should look forward with enthusiasm to the coming year of events.

GYM HELPERS

A great asset to the gym teachers are the gym helpers. These girls, who give up their study periods, help check attendance, take charge of the equipment, and assist in the class activities. This group includes Anne Maloy, Shirley Daviau, Helen Radgowski, Winifred Scanlon, Pat Manship, Mary Savery, Fran DeFazio, Pauline Lisi, and Marilyn Stockley.

ANSWERS TO GUESS THE PRODUCT

1. Coca Cola.
2. Wonder bread.
3. Camel cigarettes.
4. Johnson's wax.
5. Bon Ami cleanser.
6. Ivory soap.
7. Plymouth.
8. Rapid Shave.
9. Schlitz beer.
10. Ladies' Home Journal.
11. Pete's Motors.
12. Wultex.

ANSWERS TO DROODLES

1. Doughnut as seen by cross-eyed person
2. Bookworm with upset stomach. (The reading was too heavy)
3. Man with sombrero in telephone booth
4. Ghost in fog
5. Mona Lisa's smile
6. Midnight on television set

ALUMNI NOTES

Gay Skogsberg—SKIDMORE COLLEGE
 Julianne Heye—COLLEGE OF NEW ROCHELLE
 Sonia Kronick—UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
 Marjorie Tully—BECKER JUNIOR COLLEGE
 Elaine Niarchos—NORTH ADAMS STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE
 Ingrid Amatus—UNIVERSITY OF MASSACHUSETTS
 Judy Herberg—UNIVERSITY OF MASSACHUSETTS
 Marjorie Loach—UNIVERSITY OF MASSACHUSETTS
 Constances Nefores—UNIVERSITY OF MASSACHUSETTS
 Stephanie Wojtkowski—UNIVERSITY OF MASSACHUSETTS
 Cynthia Morey—UNIVERSITY OF MASSACHUSETTS
 Sara Varanka—UNIVERSITY OF MASSACHUSETTS
 Dorothy Travers—UNIVERSITY OF MASSACHUSETTS
 Martha Lepp—UNIVERSITY OF MASSACHUSETTS
 Susan Connors—BOSTON UNIVERSITY
 Margaret Terpak—BECKER JUNIOR COLLEGE
 Libbey Feldman—BAY PATH JUNIOR COLLEGE
 Marlene Burns—SMITH
 Marcia Lipsey—LASALL JUNIOR COLLEGE
 John Cederstrom—BROWN UNIVERSITY
 Gerald Nonken—PENN. STATE UNIVERSITY
 Michael Tully—HOLY CROSS COLLEGE
 Peter Doherty—NORTH ADAMS STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE
 Donald Deblieux—NORWICH UNIVERSITY
 Paul Whitney—UNIVERSITY OF MASSACHUSETTS
 Robert Dallmeyer—UNIVERSITY OF MASSACHUSETTS
 Philip Pomerantz—UNIVERSITY OF MASSACHUSETTS
 Stuart Sandrew—TEMPLE UNIVERSITY
 Charles Klein—UNIVERSITY OF MASSACHUSETTS
 Peter Genovese—CORNELL UNIVERSITY
 Donald Terpak—BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY
 Richard Riseberg—YALE
 Robert Cancilla—PROVIDENCE COLLEGE
 Daniel A. Boryta—ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE
 Carole Martin—RHODE ISLAND SCHOOL OF DESIGN
 Polly Butler—PARK COLLEGE
 Joanna Camerlengo—TUFTS
 Doris Donald—COLLEGE OF ST. ROSE (Nursing Course)
 John Curtis—BATES
 John Genzabella—UNIVERSITY OF MASSACHUSETTS
 Robert Evans—BATES
 Susan Strong—BOSTON UNIVERSITY
 Helen Sullivan—OUR LADY OF THE ELMS

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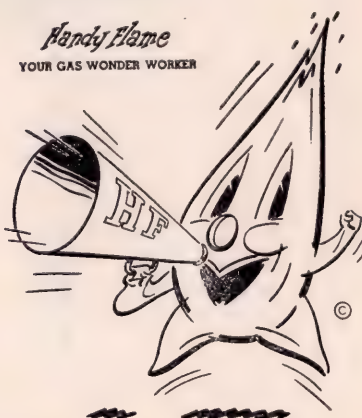
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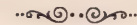


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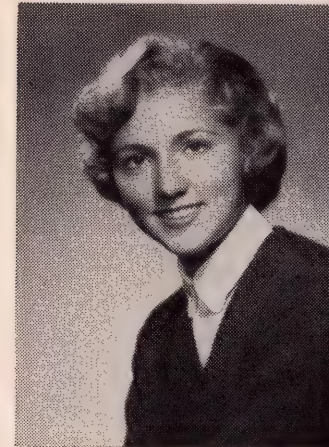
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